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# VOTES FOR WOMEN

EDITED BY FREDERICK AND EMMELINE PETHICK LAWRENCE

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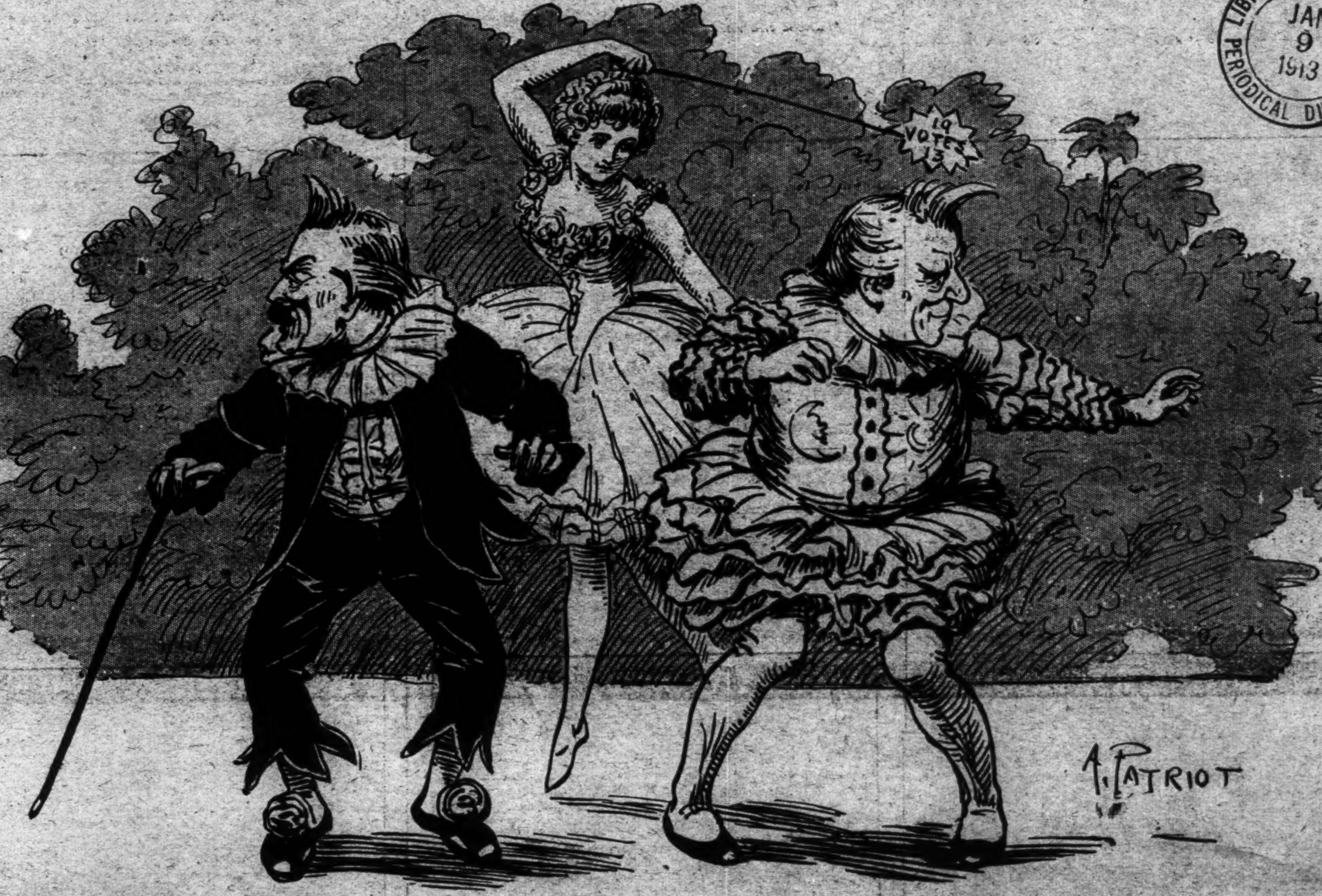
## THE CABINET HARLEQUINADE



**CLOWN ASQUITH**
**PANTALOON LLOYD GEORGE** } **"Here we are again!"**
**MILITANT SUFFRAGIST COLUMBINE (invisible): "So am I! Don't you forget that!"**

### CONTENTS.

PAGE
Our Cartoon .......... 189
The Outlook .......... 189
The Year's History of Woman Suffrage in Cartoon .......... 190
His Magnificent Recantation. By Gertrude Vaughan .......... 192
A Humorous Tract and other Reviews .......... 193
Christians, Awake! .......... 194
An Old Christmas Carol .......... 195
The Renascence of Women .......... 195
For the Children. By E. S. .......... 196
Woman and the Vote in Denmark. By Thora Daugaard .......... 196
Any Woman Suffragist to Any Man. By Patrick Rushden .......... 197
The Franchise Bill .......... 198
The Militant Agitation .......... 198
An Important Memorial .......... 199
General News .......... 199

### DEDICATION

**To the brave women who to-day are fighting for freedom: to the noble women who all down the ages kept the flag flying and looked forward to this day without seeing it: to all women all over the world, of whatever race, or creed, or calling, whether they be with us or against us in this fight, we dedicate this paper.**

## THE OUTLOOK

We wish all our readers a very happy Christmas. Our thoughts are specially with those who are spending it within prison walls owing to their determination to redeem out of bondage the soul of the womanhood of the race.

### The Position in Parliament

The House of Commons has risen for a short Christmas holiday of ten days, and will resume its sittings again on Monday, December 30. It will then for two or three weeks devote its whole time to the Irish and Welsh Bills, and probably not till about January 20 (the *Standard* of December 23 alone gives January 13 as the very earliest possible date) will it come to the Franchise Bill, which will then proceed simultaneously with the Welsh Bill. "P. W. W.," of the *Daily News*, writing on Friday last, states that all three measures are expected to be through the Commons by February 14. This programme would leave only about ten Parliamentary days for the Committee, Report, and Third Reading of the Franchise Bill, a modicum of time which seems extraordinarily insufficient. But even so the session will not end till March 14, and seeing that Easter Sunday is March 23, there will only be eight Parliamentary days for the King's Speech of the new session, the debate on the address, and the financial business, which must be completed before March 31. Can it be done?

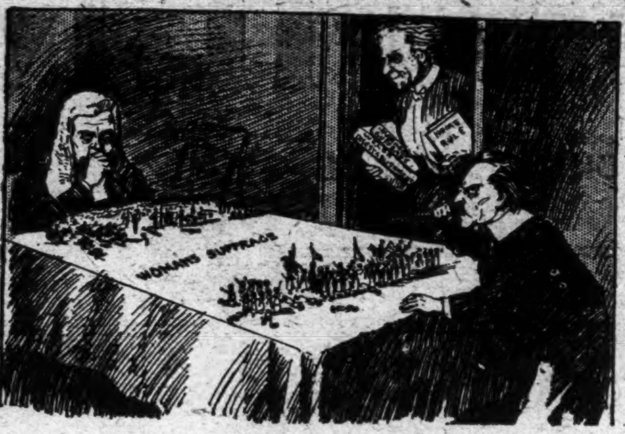
### A Cynical Proposition

The *Westminster Gazette*, the semi-official organ of the Government, answers this question practically in the way we have already predicted in these columns. In a note from its Parliamentary correspondent on Friday last (given in full on page 198) it indicates that if a Woman Suffrage amendment were to be carried, time would prove inadequate for the passage of the Bill, and reminds its readers that a Plural Voting Bill is all that the Government are really anxious to pass. It even goes so far as to suggest that there never has been any pledge to allow the Franchise Bill, if Woman Suffrage be included, to secure the benefits of the Parliament Act, and that "the feeling of the House, which is perhaps not altogether absent from the Treasury Bench, is that . . . the Suffrage amendment, if carried, might be reserved for a Referendum." This proposal, which the same paper put forward just a year ago, was at that time denounced by the *Manchester Guardian* as "unfair and impracticable," and by the *Daily News* as a "naked breach of honour." Will these papers take the same view to-day, and will they continue to chide us for refusing to put any trust in the pledges of Cabinet Ministers? We propose to deal more fully with the question next week.

### Our Christmas Number

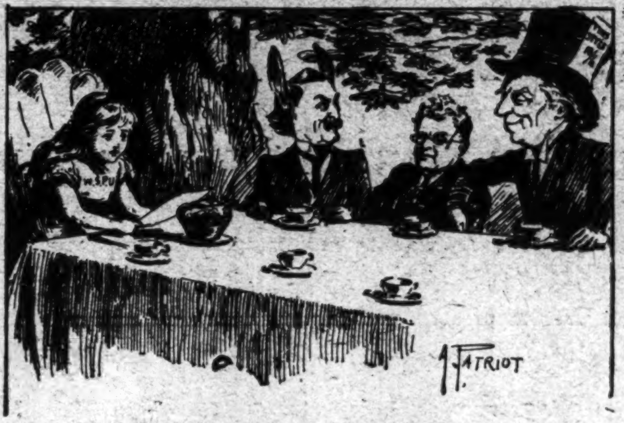
We publish this week a fine old mystic Christmas Carol, with an interesting comment upon it by Miss Mary Neal, who shows how the story of the race is here told in legend and rhythm. The political Suffrage history of the year will be found in Cartoon on pp. 190 and 191; next week we shall give a full summary of the events of the year, which our readers will find, we hope, of special value. Other interesting features of our Christmas number are a militant Christmas dream-story by Gertrude Vaughan (page 192), a contribution by Patrick Rushden on page 197, and an article on little citizens written specially for children (page 196). The leading article, entitled "Christians, Awake!" deals with the religious aspect of militancy in its relation to the spirit of Christmastide.

# THE YEAR'S HISTORY OF



1.—PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

*(It was announced that Mr. Lloyd George would advocate Woman Suffrage in the Albert Hall on February 23, and that Lord Loreburn (the Lord Chancellor) and Mr. Harcourt would speak against it in the same hall on February 28.)* (January 12, 1912.)



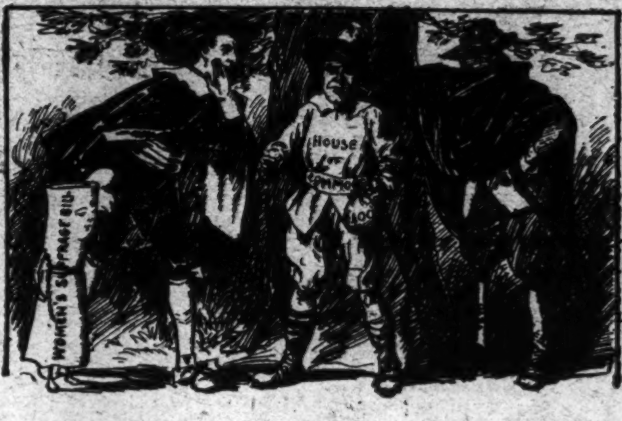
2.—THE MANHOOD SUFFRAGE PARTY.

**"Have some Votes for Women?" said the Hare.**

**"I don't see any," said Alice.**

**"There are none," said the Hatter.**

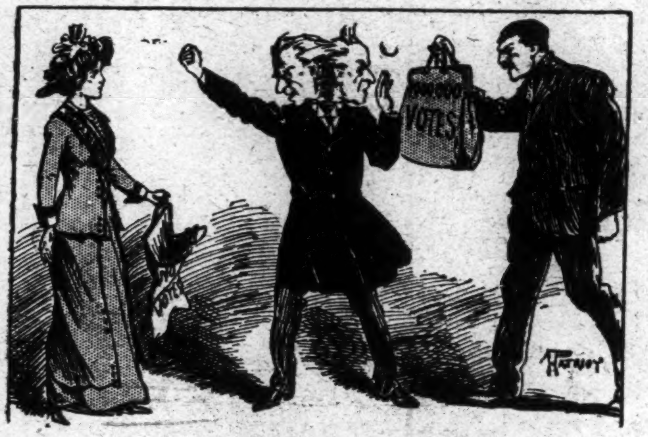
(January 19, 1912.)



3.—THE BABE AND THE WOOD—NEW VERSION.

**The Wicked Uncle (Sir Edward Grey):** "I have sworn to protect our little Wilhelmina, but if you like to take her and lose her in yonder Referendum Wood, I shan't do anything to prevent it."

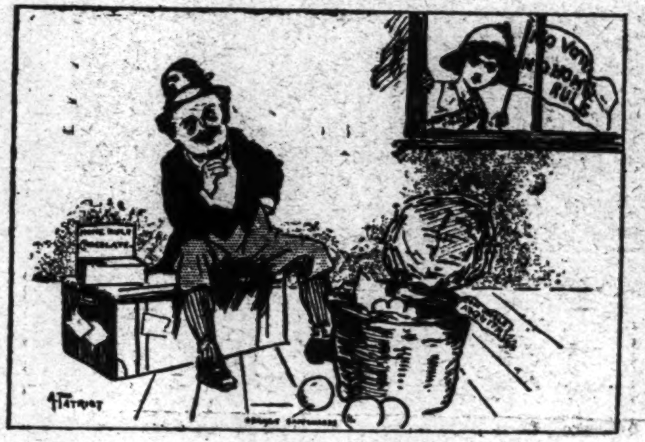
*(Speaking in Sunderland, Sir Edward Grey said that it would be contrary to the pledges of the Government if they insisted on a Referendum on Woman Suffrage, but if the House of Commons decided upon this course that was another matter.)* (January 26, 1912.)



7.—DOUBLE-FACED AGAIN!

**Mr. Asquith:** *(to Suffragette asking for Votes)*: "Two months' hard labour."

**Ditto** *(to miner threatening with Votes)*: "One moment, sir, what can I do for you?" (March 15, 1912.)

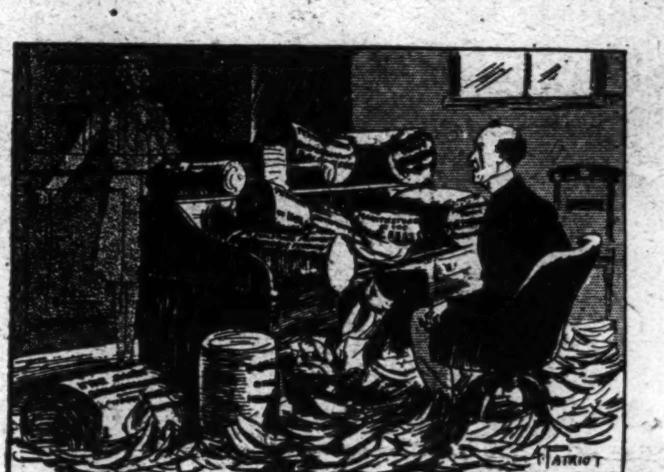


8.—THE GREEDY BHOY!

**Master Redmond:** "There are moments when one wants to be alone."

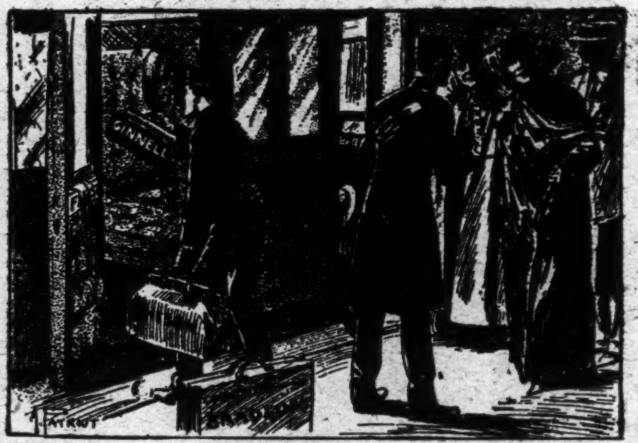
*(With apologies to Peter's Swiss Milk Chocolate.)*

(April 19, 1912.)



9.—LIBERALISM—PAST AND PRESENT.

**"A prison is becoming, under the rule of the present Government, a temple of honour."** *(Mr. Gladstone, censuring the Conservative Government for its treatment of Irish political prisoners. In the House of Commons, March 1, 1889.)* (April 26, 1912.)



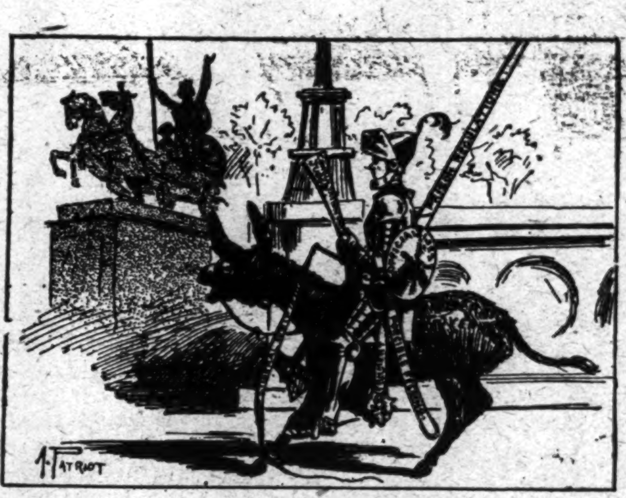
13.—RULE 243A.

**Passengers** *(Leaders of the W.S.P.U.)*: "But ours are first-class tickets! Is not this a second-class compartment?"

**Guard (Mr. McKenna):** "The answer is in the affirmative. But under the Company's By-law 243A, it has been greatly improved, and——"

**Passengers:** "We don't want an improved second-class carriage. We want what is ours by right. We have paid for it—at the risk of our lives."

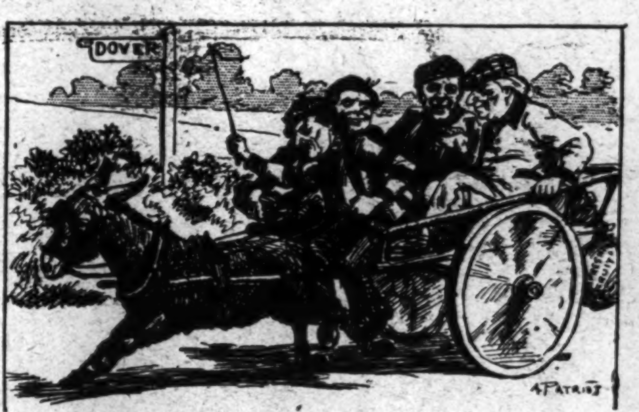
**Guard** *(losing his temper)*: "It is impossible to enter into the minds of these passengers!" (June 7, 1912.)



14.—FIGHTING THE SPIRIT.

**Brave McK . nna of the Home Office:** "Hail, Boadicea! I hie me in hot haste to His Majesty's Gaols to exterminate therein thine unwomanly descendants!"

**Boadicea:** "My poor little official, give it up. You can't fight the Spirit with weapons like yours." *(He has been giving it up ever since.)* (June 28, 1912.)

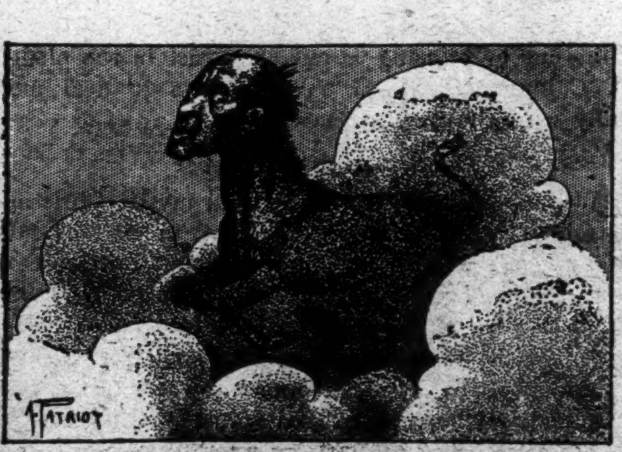


15.—HOW THEY WILL GET AWAY.

The Rising of Parliament this week is not likely to be preceded by the usual announcement of the places chosen by leading politicians—especially Cabinet Ministers—for their holidays. The fact is yet another indication of the terrorism which the militant Suffragettes exercise over the Ministerial mind.—*The Observer.*

**Mr. Asq . . th** *(nervously)*: "Have we, oh, have we eluded them?"

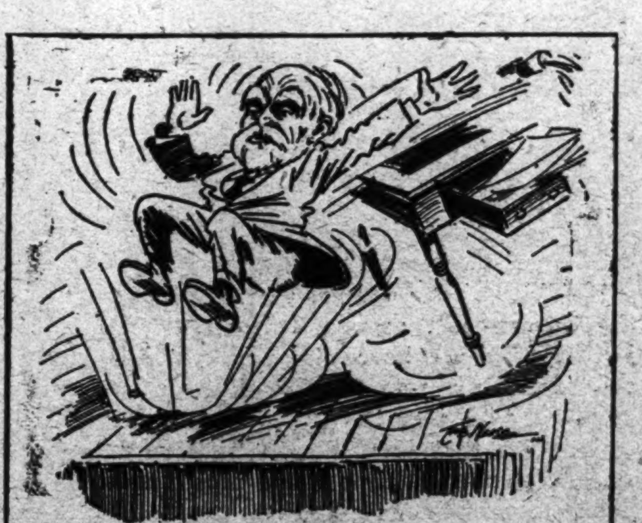
**Chorus of disguised Cabinet Ministers:** "Not much, Erb!" (August 9, 1912.)



18.—THE DISAPPEARING DONKEY.

*(With apologies to Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant.)*

**"Fortunately, by the tactful and self-effacing management of the Home Secretary, the lecture itself was delivered without interruption."** *(From the report in the "Westminster Gazette" of a lecture in the Holborn Hall, last Monday, at which the Chairman, Mr. McKenna, was completely silenced by Suffragists, and finally made his escape through the backdoor. See page 91.)* (November 8, 1912.)

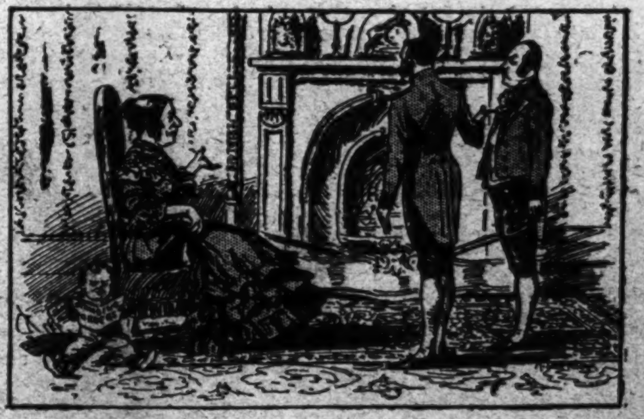


19.—"LOOK THIS WAY."

**During the violent ejection of suffragettes at a Battersea meeting, Mr. John Burns strove to allay the uproar by calling attention to himself.**

*(Reproduced from the "Daily Citizen.")*

(November 15, 1912.)



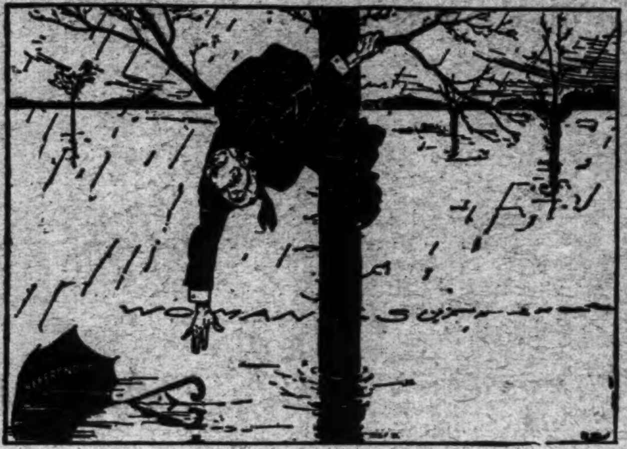
20.—THE GOVERNMENT DEFEAT.

**Mr. Asquith** *(to Liberal and Labour M.P.'s)*: "Why didn't you answer the (Division) Bell on Monday?"

**Liberal and Labour M.P.'s:** "Very sorry, ma'am. Me and James were out on a little business of our own."

**Mr. Asquith:** "See that it doesn't happen again, or you'll lose your place and £400 a year." (November 22, 1912.)

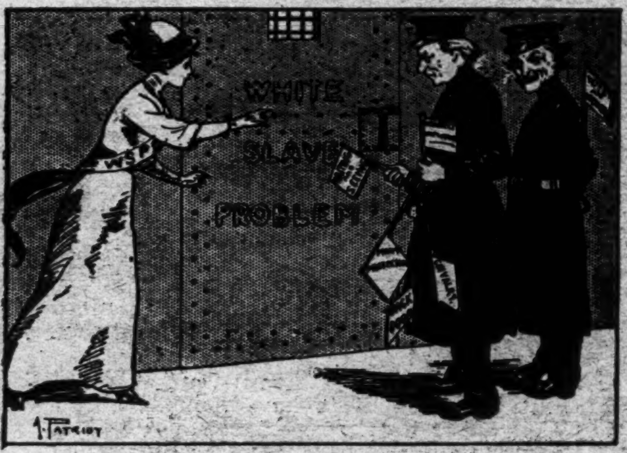
# WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN CARTOON



4.—THE RISING FLOOD.

**Reproduced by Special Permission from the "Pall Mall Gazette."**

(February 2, 1912.)



10.—SET THE WHITE SLAVES FREE!

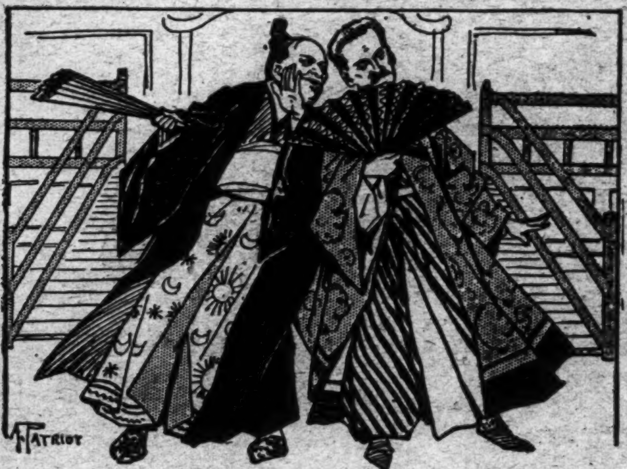
**Gaoler Asqu . th:** "We don't seem to have the right key."

**Gaoler Ll . . d G . . rge:** "I've got another, but don't let's try it."

**W.S.P.U.** *(pointing to the key in the hand of Gaoler Ll. G . . rge): "That* is the only key; will you give it to me?"

**Both Gaolers:** "The answer is in the negative."

(May 3, 1912.)

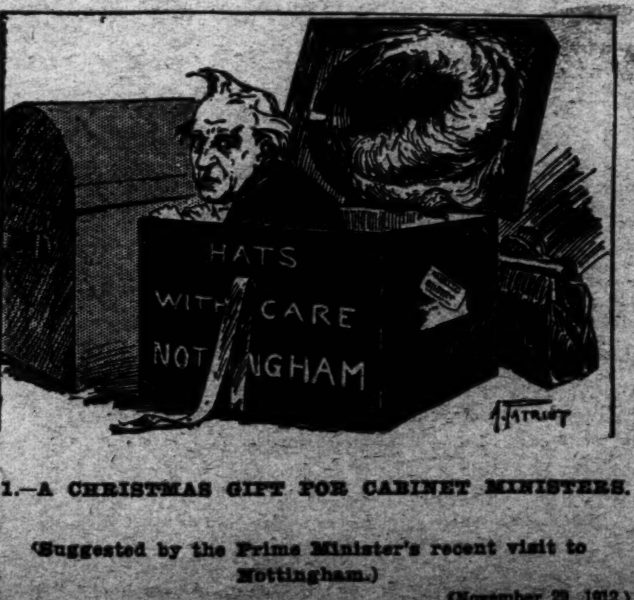


16.—THE IMPRISONMENT OF MR. WILKS.

**Pooh Bah (Lord Haldane):** "Speaking as Lord Chancellor, I regard the income of a married woman as nearly as possible as that of an unmarried person; but, speaking on behalf of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, I regard the woman and her income as the mere chattels of her husband."

**Ko Ko (Mr. Wilks):** "That is extremely awkward."

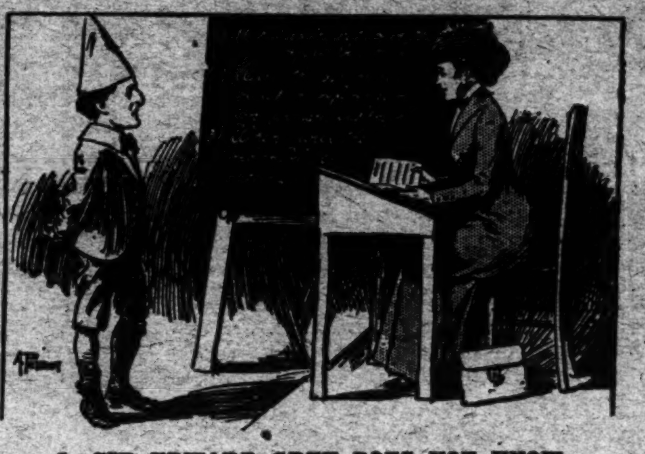
(October 18, 1912.)



21.—A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR CABINET MINISTERS.

**(Suggested by the Prime Minister's recent visit to Nottingham.)**

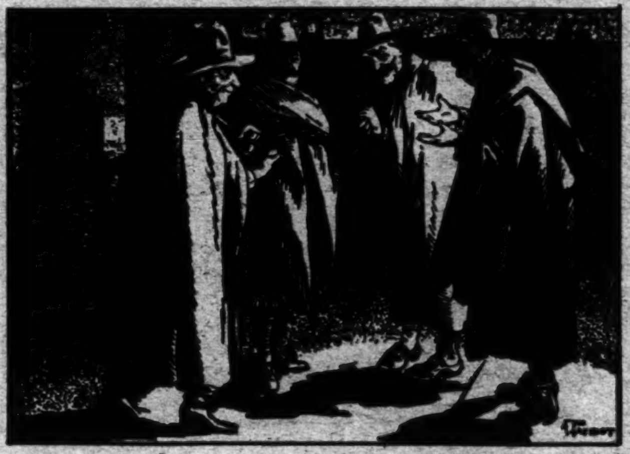
(November 29, 1912.)



5.—SIR EDWARD GREY DOES NOT KNOW.

**Sir Edward Grey:** "I do not know what the scope of the Reform Bill will be."
"I do not know what the Government's attitude will be to the Referendum."
"I do not know at what period of the Session the Bill will be introduced."

(February 23, 1912.)



11.—"THE REAL CONSPIRATORS."

**Conspirator Asquith:** "I'll invent a new Bill with nothing but men in it."

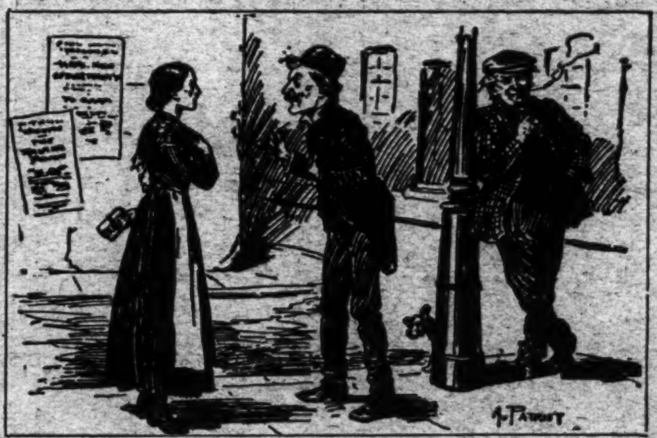
**Conspirator Ll. G.:** "I'll torpedo the Conciliation Bill."

**Conspirator Redmond:** "Sure, I'll get my boys to help you."

**Conspirator Hobhouse:** "I'll incite the women to burn a few palaces."

**Chorus of Conspirators:** "Then we can arrest THEM, and say THEY are the CONSPIRATORS."

(May 17, 1912.)

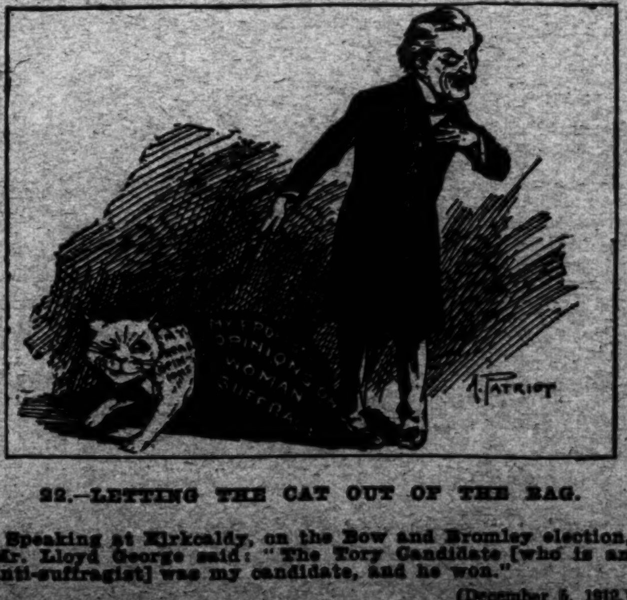


17.—THE CONFIDENCE TRICK.

**Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald:** "Can't you trust me to see that he plays fair?"

**Woman:** "Certainly not! I know you pretend to be independent, but you both really belong to the same gang."

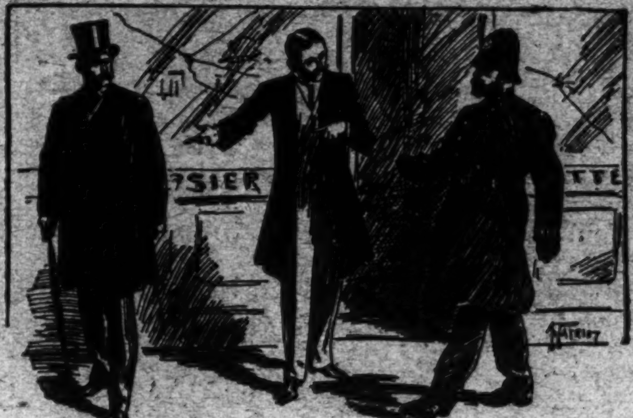
(October 25, 1912.)



22.—LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

**Speaking at Kirkcaldy, on the Bow and Bromley election, Mr. Lloyd George said: "The Tory Candidate [who is an anti-suffragist] was my candidate, and he won."**

(December 6, 1912.)



6.—THE BROKEN WINDOWS.

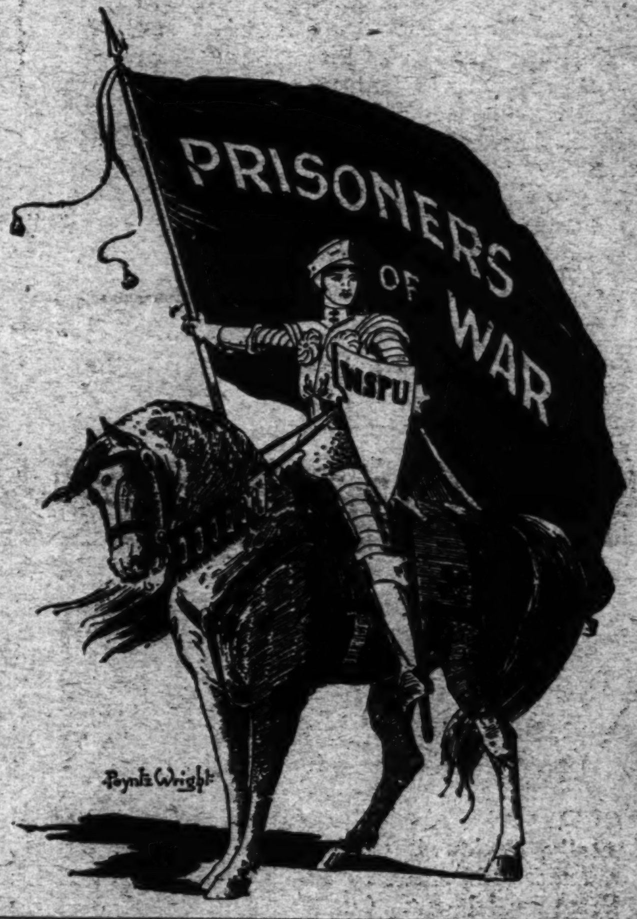
**Shopwalker:** "Please take Mr. Hobhouse in charge; it is he who has incited the women to violence."

(March 8, 1912.)

**The Jury:** "We desire unanimously to express the hope that taking into consideration the undoubtedly pure motives that underlie the agitation which has led to this trial, you would be pleased to exercise the utmost leniency in dealing with the case."

**The Judge:** "Nine months in the Second Division, with the costs of the prosecution."

(May 24, 1912.)

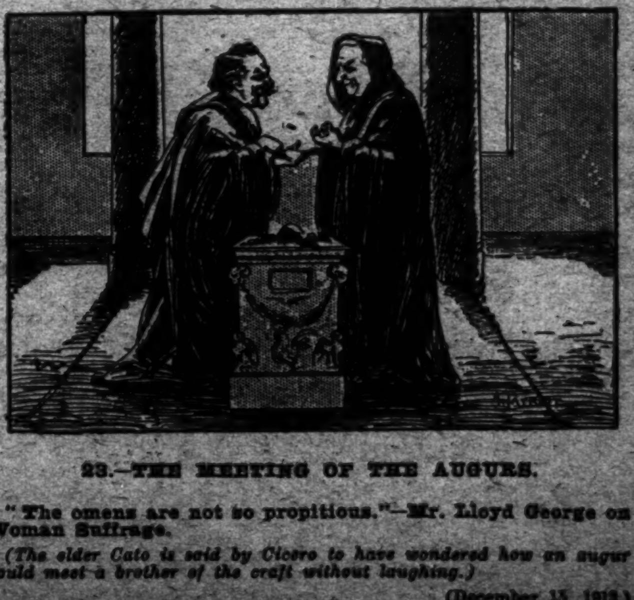


12.—AT THE OLD BAILEY, MAY 22, 1912.

We wage war, O disciples, therefore are we called warriors.
Wherefore, Lord, do we wage war?
For lofty virtue, for high endeavour, for sublime wisdom;
Therefore are we called warriors.

—Sayings of Buddha.

(May 24, 1912.)



23.—THE MEETING OF THE AUGURS.

"The omens are not so propitious."—Mr. Lloyd George on Woman Suffrage.

*(The elder Cato is said by Cicero to have wondered how an augur could meet a brother of the craft without laughing.)*

(December 13, 1912.)

# HIS MAGNIFICENT RECANTATION

### By Gertrude Vaughan, author of "The Woman with the Pack," &c.

The Professor felt suddenly "queer"— there is no other word to express his sensations Yet he could think of nothing to account for them. The day had passed as usual; he had been summoned to an important consultation during the morning, but with that exception he had worked uninterruptedly at his important and epoch-marking bacteriological investigation in his private laboratory.

He ran over the events of the day; after breakfast, he remembered, Barbara, his only daughter, had asked him a foolish question, and he had answered in a preoccupied way.

"I want to know, Father," she had said a little nervously, "if when a person has an idea fixed in his—her—his or her—head, can you *ever*, by innoculation, or—or—by a surgical operation, get it out and put another idea in instead?"

And he had answered, concluding that her thoughts were running on some affair too trifling to be worth his attention, "Concentrate your will-power, my dear; I know of no other way." He remembered saying it, because apart from that remark he could not recall having spoken to either Barbara or her mother all day. His experiment had completely absorbed him.

Five minutes ago Barbara had brought in his coffee, and he had noticed how pretty she was looking. It had flashed across his mind how happy he was in having such a daughter, and how remarkably well he felt, and how successfully everything was going with him. His experiment was succeeding far beyond his hopes; he was at the zenith of his career, and, moreover (for there was a touch of vanity in his composition), he was more than usually at peace with himself on account of the wide publicity which the Press had given to that letter of his in the *Times*. All the papers had quoted it more or less extensively, and many of them had published his photograph with this inscription, "Professor Blank, the eminent bacteriologist who says that a Mental Deficiency Bill should be passed under which every Suffragette could be shut up for life." They had all seized upon his idea (thrown out casually in the course of a lecture and amplified by him at the request of the *Times*) as *the* solution, long sought and found at last, of that annoying Woman Suffrage question.

And now, having drunk his coffee, he was feeling that if only he might sit still instead of having to go on with his work——

He lay back in his comfortable leather chair and wiped his brow, to which beads of moisture had started. The subdued tones of the clock on the chimney-piece chimed eight.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "I'd forgotten. I must pull myself together. The meeting will have begun——"

He flung on his hat and coat, and let himself out at the front door. Hailing a taxi, he jumped in, stumbling a little, for his head was going round and round like a mill-race. He felt his pulse, and muttered, "I'm sickening for something, there's not the least doubt, but for what?"

As the taxi sped along the wet London streets, he mentally reviewed the qualities of the various chemicals with which he had been carrying out his delicate experiment. Could one of them have come into contact with his blood? But he always worked with every precaution; indeed, his scientific friends laughed at him for being so careful, for "working in gloves." "You haven't got a pretty daughter to provide for," was his unvarying retort, "I can't afford to run risks."

He had not arrived at any theory as to the cause of his mysterious illness when the taxi drew up at the Hall of the Learned Society where he should have been, supporting a Member of the Cabinet, for the last ten minutes. His pulse was racing, and he was in that curiously alert mental condition which so often precedes fever—less ill than excited, strangely excited.

He pushed open the door at the back of the daïs and dropped into a vacant chair. There were not many vacant; indeed, the Hall was unusually crowded. And there were a great many ladies. He had forgotten that it was a Ladies' Night. "I might have brought Barbara," he thought. "Given her something to think about."

The Member of the Cabinet was speaking when the Professor entered. He was talking about the war. Everybody was talking about the war, but the Member of the Cabinet spoke with authority—he knew things that other people only guessed at, and the audience seemed to hang on his words as if they thought that a State Secret might drop inadvertently from his lips, while he wasn't looking, so to speak.

The Professor's brain was by this time in a most curious condition; indeed, he seemed to himself to be nothing but a Brain; he seemed to have parted with his body altogether. True, his body still occupied the chair at the back of the platform, and to those who recognised him (and most of the audience did, from the photographs in the illustrated papers that morning) he looked just as usual; they could not be deceived in that high intellectual brow, that thin scholarly face, those long nervous fingers—yes, the man was distinguished and unmistakable.

"The War in the East," the Member of the Cabinet was saying, "is an excellent example of the fact that it is physical force that rules the world——"

"Rubbish!" The word, in a man's voice, seemed to the Professor to have been shot into the meeting from nowhere in particular. Yet the entire audience looked at him, at him, the most decorous of men, a man who never transgressed even the unwritten laws of public decency!

The meeting settled down again, and the Member of the Cabinet, recovering his somewhat shaken equanimity, went on. "As I was remarking," he said, "the men who fought in Turkey——"

"Women fought there too, don't forget that," said the same voice—a man's voice, and an angry voice at that.

The audience, fluttered and confused, put up its lorgnette, fixed its monocle in its eye, and stared hard—*at the Professor!*

And a pretty girl in one of the seats at the back of the hall stood up. His sight must have been preternaturally keen—he saw that she was trembling with excitement. And the next instant he saw that it was Barbara.

"I tell you you're a coward!" the Professor was shouting. "Yes, a coward; you have disgraced your Liberal principles, sir, by your treatment of the Woman Suffrage question."

Swaying as if he had received a physical blow, the Member of the Cabinet shaded his face with his hand and turned towards the Professor. "How dare you, sir?" he spluttered, white with fury.

Not a single member of the audience was seated now, and the Hall was in an incredible state of uproar. Never had those decorous and learned walls echoed to such a din. The Professor went on shouting. He, too, was standing up, and his long nervous fingers clutched the back of the chair in front of him. In the back of his brain a small voice was saying all the time: "I am going mad; I have gone mad; I *am* mad." As the voice that didn't seem to belong to him, but which certainly issued from his lips, went on speaking, the other voice in the back of his brain kept up a running commentary. For example, while the loud voice was shouting: "A Government measure for Woman Suffrage this Session, sir, that and nothing else will satisfy the women of the country," the little voice in the back of his brain was saying:—

I am mad.
Thou art mad.
She (the Suffragette) is not mad.

We are all of us mad.
You are every man Jack of you mad.
They (the Suffragettes) are the only sane people among us.

It was when the loud voice shouted: "You and your colleagues have tried coercion and torture, but it has only fanned the flame of rebellion, and I tell you, sir, that you ought to be hounded out of public life, you and all your whole Cabinet!" that several of the Professor's learned friends leapt to the spot on which he stood—swaying a little now, for the war between the two voices was getting to be more than he could bear—and surrounded him.

"You're ill, old man," they said, "come away out of this infernal row."

But he shook them off and strode towards the Member of the Cabinet, shaking his fist in his face. That gentleman, however, forgetting that his speech was really only just begun, dodged the Professor and slipped neatly through the door at the back of the platform. The Professor made a dash after him, but his friends held him back, and although he struggled, shouting, he could not get free. For a sudden weakness overcame him; he sank, trembling, into a chair on the now empty platform, and covered his face with his hands.

"Very curious case," one of his friends was saying. "Sudden attack of madness," said another. "Been overworking horribly lately," said a third, adding, "Hullo, who's this?"

"It's me," said a fresh young voice, and the Professor's pretty daughter, having succeeded in forcing her way through the excited and chattering crowd, which had now lost all semblance of a meeting, ran to her father.

"Oh, it was splendid!" she cried. "Thank you, a thousand times, Father. I couldn't have done it half as well myself; you've undone all the harm that horrible, dreadful, hateful letter of yours did in the *Times*, and to-morrow the papers will be full of your magnificent recantation!"

"My—magnificent—recantation," the Professor repeated mechanically. And then he was conscious of nothing at all but of an overpowering desire to be at home. In a few seconds, accompanied by Barbara and two of his friends, he was in a taxi, speeding through the streets, and in five minutes he was once more in his laboratory, and his friends were diagnosing his case as he leant back in the comfortable leather chair

* * * * * * * * *

where, of course, he had been all the time. For it was nothing but an extraordinarily vivid dream. And there was no one else in the room; he was alone, as he had been ever since Barbara had brought in his coffee. Feeling dazed and uncertain of himself, he pressed the electric bell.

"Send Miss Barbara here," he said, when the servant appeared.

Barbara came, and the Professor pointed to the empty coffee cup on the little tray at his elbow.

"What was in that cup?" he asked, feeling horribly nervous and not at all sure of himself.

"Coffee, Father," said Barbara sweetly.

"Nothing else?"

"N-no, nothing else—nothing else *in the cup*, I mean." Then she added hurriedly, "It's a special brand that Aunt Marjory left here to-day, it's called—stay, I'll fetch the packet."

In a moment she returned, holding out a canister with stripes of purple and green on a white background, and the words "Votes for Women Coffee" printed all over it. Then she flung her arms round her father's neck and exclaimed, "We've been taking your advice all day, Father—Mother and I and all the friends we could get together—we have *all* concentrated our will-power on you because of that horrible, dreadful, hateful letter in the *Times*."

"Because of that horrible, dreadful, hateful letter in the *Times*," the Professor repeated dreamily. Then he became suddenly wide awake. "Do you mean that you—and—and—your mother—are——?" he stammered.

Barbara nodded. "Yes, we're Suffragettes all right, Father, regular triple-dyed purple white and green ones. What do you think of that?"

"I—I don't know what to think," murmured the Professor, helplessly. The very foundations of his world seemed to be slipping from under his feet.

"Father," Barbara went on thoughtfully, "when I was a kiddie and wanted something very badly, and you said, 'I'll think about it,' I always knew it was all right and that you wouldn't only think but act. Will you say it now?"

The Professor pondered. Then he said, "Yes, I'll think about it. I ought to have thought about it before writing that horrible——"

"Hooray!" said Barbara. "Now it'll be all right, and you will make that magnificent—public—recantation that we have been willing you to make all day, won't you? Three cheers! Come along and let's tell Mother! She's been waiting in the drawing-room all this time to know how our plan has succeeded!"

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## A HUMOROUS TRACT[*]

We have received from America a reprint of a short story which is one of the best Suffrage tracts we have read for some time. In "The Elected Mother," the author, Maria Thompson Daviess, with a refreshing racy humour all her own, tells the story of "How the hand that rocked the cradle also ruled Wahoo City," the said hand being that of a beautiful young woman who manages to be a perfect wife, mother and Mayor, all at the same time. We forgive the slight exaggerations of the story, even its occasional lapses into sentimentalism, for the sake of the delightful manner in which Mrs. Pettibone, having completed the "raising" of five boys, discovers that she has time now to feel her wrongs, and proceeds to tell a woman friend what has happened during her visit to Wahoo City. "I have waked up," she says, "to the fact that I'm *injured*, or could be if anybody wanted to injure me, which they don't." And this is how she meets the argument that the candidate for the Mayoral post will find that her maternal duties will unfit her for municipal office :—

> "Fiddlesticks!" I answered, all that caucus-meeting feeling rushing over me at once, "it don't unfit them for cooking, washing, and ironing, tending the toddlers, mending and sewing, working the garden, milking the cow, churning the butter, and any number of extras thrown in, so why should it unfit them for being mayors and presidents, and such? Most candidates, from governors to sheriff, take a week off any time in a campaign to get on a spree, and why shouldn't a woman quietly and in the fear of God have her baby and go on with the good work?" I was real het up, and showed it.

The woman in question has her baby, and is also elected Mayor—hence the title of the story. And one of the most amusing passages in it is Mrs. Pettibone's account of "that lovely grand woman seated by my side hemming a flannel band, the telephone ringing at her elbow constant, with some politics question or other to settle right off the minute. . . . And for a week those infant first-aid caucuses went on every morning, and it looked like to me I was being born all over into a new and most disturbing world." If the new and disturbing world here mentioned is going to contain many mothers like Mrs. Pettibone and the Mayor of Wahoo City, the sooner we are all born into it, the better!

## A BOOK OF POEMS

In this, her first volume of verse,[†] Miss Evelyn Underhill inevitably compels comparison with another writer; one poem, "The Lady Poverty," having exactly the same title and the same theme as some verses by Mrs. Meynell. But whereas Evelyn Underhill depends for her effect on a neat little alteration in punctuation, Mrs. Meynell gives a complete and perfect etching dependent on chosen words. And so all through these varied dreams, gathered together and called "Immanence," we feel that they are only dreams of a mystic; they have not the ring of faith that marks the work of a believer. But what beautiful dreams they are, and how exquisitely told! No other book of verse that has appeared this year can touch this one for dainty themes and delicacy of workmanship. Perhaps, considering the season, we may be forgiven for quoting a carol, which is a very good specimen, and may lure our readers on to read the book itself:

Very still was all the land,
  Very secret was the hour;
Darkness as a guard did stand
  When the Rose brought forth her flower—
      *Rosa sine spina.*

Long the road and hard the pain,
  Chill and lonely was the shed;
See, upon the straw she's lain—
  Straw, to make her childing bed!
      *Virgo et regina.*

Cold the welcome, sharp the smart;
  Godhead treads the bitter way.
Only in the lowly heart
Is her Babe brought forth to-day—
      *Genetrix divina.*

## A NEW "PEOPLE'S BOOK"

To the useful library of "People's Books" (T. C. and E. C. Jack, price 6d. each volume) has been added a volume by Mr Joseph Clayton on Co-operation. As we should expect from his pen, the ground covered is fairly exhaustive, and it must have taxed even his ingenuity to get so much information into so limited a space. In something less than 100 pages this little book gives a bird's eye view of the chief developments of the co-operative principle, the seed of which Robert Owen planted nearly a century ago. The historical pages are perhaps particularly interesting, and Woman Suffragists may possibly learn from them for the first time that the cause of co-operation was one of the movements for the improvement of the industrial world for which John Stuart Mill worked in the House of Commons. The Women's Co-operative Guild receives due recognition at his hands; it is, he says, with other educational agencies, "a constant reminder to all co-operators that no great social movement can thrive unless it is rooted in justice and its face is ever set towards the glittering spires of the City of God." To those who have found inspiration in social work among the ranks of the co-operators, as well as to those who would be well-informed on the movement, we cordially recommend this little book.

---

[*] "The Elected Mother." By Maria Thompson Daviess. (Indianapolis, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

[†] "Immanence." By Evelyn Underhill. (Dent and Sons. 4s. 6d.)

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*FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1912.*

## CHRISTIANS, AWAKE!

More than nineteen centuries ago Christ was born to bring a new light into the world and to give a new message to the people. Does the world understand that message to-day? Does it judge aright the attributes which belong to those who as true saints would follow in the steps of the great Master?

To many the ideal saint is one whose gentle and blameless life wins for him the affection and sweet friendship of the whole circle of his acquaintance, whose unassuming nature never comes into conflict with the established order of things, who lives always within the law at peace with the whole world.

There have undoubtedly been saints who have fulfilled these conditions, but they do not comprise the whole order of sainthood. Moreover, these qualities which the world has noticed in them are not the essential qualities of saintliness, but are simply the forms in which their individual saintliness has found expression. Saintliness, as interpreted by the Master and by the holy men and women all down the ages, is in its essence a noble passion of the soul, so great and overmastering that the lesser passions of ordinary humanity have paled into insignificance before it. In some saints their passionate love of God has compelled retirement from the world, that in solitude they might commune unceasingly with the Great Spirit of Life. In others the same passionate love has driven them out into the world of men and women that they might comfort and solace and protect those who are made in His likeness. In some saints the passionate love of humanity has made them invariably gentle and submissive lest one note of discord the more be added to the total of human strife. In others the same passionate love has led them to a life of ceaseless conflict, of suffering, and even death in the effort to break down barriers, to purge abuses, to restore freedom to those in prison.

Saintliness is not a negative attribute. It does not consist in the refusal to commit evil acts. It is essentially positive. The sins of omission are at least as deadly as the sins of commission. It was the Pharisee and not the publican who came in for the condemnation of our Lord. It was the good Samaritan, who gave succour to the man who fell among thieves, who in the parable won His special approval.

In attempting to judge the modern reformer by the standards of Christianity there is another fact which must not be left out of account. The men or women who set themselves to right long-established abuses will almost certainly sooner or later, if they are in earnest, come into conflict with the law, and when they do so they will become law breakers. There are some who hold up hands in horror at such a word. But the Master would not have been among their number, nor would the great army of saints who have followed His example. For Christ Himself on many occasions quite deliberately broke the law of His country, which was not merely the civil, but the religious law of the Jews. And over and over again, during the nineteen centuries which have succeeded, the men and women who have taken His name and whom we revere as His faithful followers have broken the laws of their country, and have in consequence suffered imprisonment and even death.

Moreover, in breaking the law these saintly men and women have not confined themselves to words, they have defied the law by acts done and by acts left undone. They have used all the forces which they possessed—moral, intellectual, and physical—to achieve their purpose. They have led armies into the field of battle, and have implicitly sanctioned the destruction of property and even of life. To-day ministers of religion invariably bless the troops of belligerent States. What rank hypocrisy it is for those, who without a murmur of disapproval see this happen, even in the case of unjust wars, to condemn as immoral and un-Christian the actions of those who, inspired by a burning desire to redress wrong, have used methods of physical force in their campaign!

Do we by this defence endorse all anarchy? Certainly not! We are merely claiming that the final arbiter of right and wrong for the true Christian is not the decrees of the State, but the individual conscience. Under all ordinary circumstances he will obey the law of the land in which he lives, but exceptional circumstances will arise in which he must think for himself and be prepared to act on his decision. He will have certain principles to guide him. First of all he must clear his heart of all the meaner personal motives, of individual malice or revenge, of petty spite, of self-seeking. He must then satisfy himself that the end which he is seeking is fully worth the conflict which he is provoking—the disturbance and disruption which are the probable results of his action. Finally, he must be satisfied that what he proposes to do is really a necessary part of his campaign. These questions he must decide not merely with the aid of his intellect, but by the illumination of the spiritual insight which is granted to him.

All will not decide alike—for each, the inner light will be different; but no cowardice or self-indulgence must be allowed to blind the eyes to the vision. For in the face of wrong and oppression the one intolerable vice is indifference and the one deadly sin is inaction.

# AN OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL

## "TO-MORROW SHALL BE MY DANCING DAY"*

To-morrow shall be my dancing day;
I would my true love did so chance
To see the legend of my play,
To call my true love to my dance.

Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

Then was I born of a Virgin pure,
Of her I took fleshly substance;
Then was I knit to man's nature,
To call my true love to my dance.

Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

In a manger laid and wrapp'd I was,
So very poor, this was my chance,
Betwixt an ox and a silly poor ass,
To call my true love to my dance.

Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

Then afterwards baptized I was,
The Holy Ghost on me did glance,
My Father's voice, heard from above,
To call my true love to the dance.

Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

Into the desert I was led,
Where I fasted without substance;
The Devil bade me make stones my bread,
To have me break my true love's dance.

Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

The Jews on me they made great suit,
And with me made great variance,
Because they loved darkness rather than light,
To call my true love to the dance.

Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

For thirty pence Judas me sold,
His covetousness for to advance:
"Mark when I kiss, the same do hold,
The same is he shall lead the dance."

Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

Before Pilate the Jews me brought,
When Barabbas had deliverance;
They scourg'd me and set me at nought,
Judged me to die to lead the dance.

Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

Then on the cross hangéd I was;
Where a spear to my heart did glance,
There issued forth both water and blood,
To call my true love to the dance.

Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

Then down to Hell I took my way
For my true love's deliverance,
And rose again on the third day
Up to my true love and the dance.

Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

Then up to Heaven I did ascend,
Where now I dwell in sure substance
On the right hand of God, that man
May come unto the general dance.

Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

◆

The message of this Carol of joy has come to us out of the childhood of the world, out of the mystery of the ages. It is the history of the race written in legend and rhythm before ever the hand held pen or ever a man made paper and ink.

In it is the story of the Son of Man, the Word made Flesh, and it tells in rhythmic movement the legend of His earth life, which began in a manger and ended—

> "On the right hand of God, that man
> May come into the general dance."

A story that is written in the rhythm of the world can never die, and as it reaches us to-day it is as true as when man first heard it, and knew that for everyone the story is the same, age after age.

For it is the song of love, the song of death, life, and the resurrection, with its undersong of sacrifice and darkness and hell, and it is sung that the true lover may understand, and, understanding, may thereby enter into the rhythmic harmony of the universe.

And the undersong of discord comes always by way of ambition and covetouness by the device of Judas, who betrays with a kiss:—

> "For thirty pence Judas me sold,
> His covetousness for to advance;
> 'Mark when I kiss, the same do hold,
> The same is he shall lead the dance.'"

For Judas is a disciple and has knowledge of the ultimate truth and understands who has the right to lead, and resenting that knowledge becomes by his betrayal of the Son of Man the instrument of Fate. For the law must be fulfilled, that only by loss and death can the true leadership be established, and that only by descent into Hell can come ascent into Heaven.

If it is sometimes terrible to realise the union of each separate life with the great cosmic forces of the world, it is comforting to know that primitive man was no less conscious of this union, and that he realised the decrees of fate, and took his stand fearlessly as part of the great whole. To him, as to us, it was revealed that it is possible to put the individual life so into harmony with the rhythm of the world that even the treachery which pierces the human heart to the very core may be but another joyful appeal to the true lover to come within the magic circle of the peace which passes all understanding. In the terms of song and dance it behoves us of the new Fellowship to greet the new-born Son of Man, to meet the Coming Year, and into those terms it becomes us to translate the events which shall come to us by the hand of Fate, out of the Unknown.

**Mary Neal.**

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* From Christmas Carols collected by William Sandys, Published in 1829.

# THE RENASCENCE OF WOMEN

It does not much matter whether it is the Renascence of women in the sixteenth century, or that greater Renascence of women which has been taking place in the last seven years—we find the same prejudices being met by the same arguments in both periods. "Vives, and the Renascence Education of Women,"* is the title given to a collection of sixteenth century treatises on the education of girls and women, of which those translated from the Spanish of Juan Luis Vives (1492-1540) form the greater number, but which include also such interesting essays as Richard Hyrde on the Education of Women—the first defence of the higher education of women written in English—and Sir Thomas Elyot's Defence of Good Women. The old prejudices are seen, of course, in the insistence of the most enlightened educationists here represented on the greater necessity for obedience and silence on the part of girls than of boys; and on their greater natural piety. But it is only fair to remember, as Mr. Foster Watson points out in his able introduction, that all these were conventual merits, and the ideal woman was still the one who retired to a nunnery; and that the virtue of obedience was enjoined also strictly in the case of the boy. And on the whole, these old upholders of women's right to a brain as well as to a soul were a good deal more free from prejudice than are the Anti-Suffragists of to-day. Sir Thomas More, for instance, really believed in the equality of women with men—the chapter on The School of Sir Thomas More is one of the best in the book—and even, in his "Utopia," said "that some women might be priests, and that if a woman wanted to accompany her husband to the war, she should not be prohibited or stopped."

Vives, on the other hand, while commending to women the study of Seneca, Plato, Cicero, and Plutarch, forbids her the poets, "for nature is enough incited to naughtiness," and—

> As for the knowledge of grammar, logic, histories, the rule of governance of the commonwealth, and the art mathematical, they shall leave it unto men. Eloquence is not convenient nor fit for women. . . . But thou shalt number silence among other thy wife's virtues, the which is a great ornament of the whole feminine sex.

It is pleasant to turn from this inconsistent attitude, which reminds one of the municipal Anti-Suffrage attitude to-day, to the refreshing defence of women in Hyrde's treatise. "Now, as for learning," he says—

> If it were cause of any evil as they say it is, it were worse in the man than in the woman, because he can both worse stay and refrain himself, than she.

There is sound sense in his contention that—

> ' Those that be evil disposed will find the means to be nought, though they can [know] never a letter in the book, and she that will be good, learning shall cause her to be much the better.

The objection that if women were to learn Greek and Latin they would fall under the influence of the priests, has a familiar ring about it, and is met rather quaintly by Hyrde, who says that the danger does not exist because of the priests' ignorance of Greek and Latin. He goes on to remark, with exquisite scorn, that—

> He that had leaver have his wife a fool than a wise woman, I hold him worse than twice frantic.

Perhaps the best passage in this capital defence of the woman's point of view is that in which Hyrde advocates an equal standard of conduct for husband and wife. "And yet he (the husband) is so unreasonable in judging the woman," he says—

> He hath no consideration how oft or how sore he offend his wife: he will not suffer once to be offended himself by her never so little: where he would that she should take his deeds all well in worth. Wherefore, indeed, women be in gay case and happy, if their honesty and praise must hang at the girdles of such people!

This reads almost like a Suffrage leaflet of to-day.

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* "Vives, and the Renascence Education of Women." (London: Edward Arnold. Price 4/6 net.)

◆

## VOTES FOR WOMEN FELLOWSHIP

It is good to know that as Christmas comes round this year a new bond of comradeship is found existing among us in the Votes for Women Fellowship. Our Christmas number goes out to members of the Fellowship all over the world, and will bear to them a message of encouragement and hope for the future of the woman's cause. It would be a good idea for every member to pass on that message by giving this week's paper to a friend, so that tidings of this great movement shall reach those who, perhaps, have not yet come within its influence. Especially might it be sent to clergy of all denominations, with a mark against the leading article. A very practical way of justifying one's membership of the Fellowship would be to make at least one Christmas present of a year's subscription to the paper. Subscription forms for that purpose will be found on the advertisement page at the end of this issue.

# FOR THE CHILDREN

## Little Citizens of Yesterday and To-day

I suppose Humpty Dumpty would say that the children of to-day are just like the children of any other age, because they have two eyes, a nose, and a mouth. And I suppose Humpty Dumpty would be right, as far as that goes. But it doesn't go very far, for there is one very big difference between the children of to-day and the children of—say, fifty years ago. Fifty years ago, children had to be seen and not heard (no doubt that is why Humpty Dumpty knew nothing about them except what they looked like!); but to-day the grown-up people—not all of them, perhaps, but the very best sort—have suddenly discovered that girls and boys have a real place of their own in the grown-up world. To-day, girls and boys are being looked upon as little citizens who are going to be big citizens some day; and, of course, that means that they have got to learn a great many things that children never used to learn at all. To be a good citizen, big or little, you have to be brave enough to fight battles and wise enough not to fight the wrong ones by mistake, and great enough to carry a merry heart all the way.

Now, the girls and boys of fifty years ago never learnt interesting things like that. They had no place in the important grown-up world at all. They were never called little citizens. All that would have been considered *most* presumptuous. The boys of those days were all taught to be manly. The girls were all taught to be sedate. Were the boys manly and the girls sedate? Not a bit of it! The boys were rough and rude, and the girls were simply silly. If you don't believe this, read Mrs. Turner's poems about the little girls and boys of fifty years ago. Here is one about a little girl:—

### Ambitious Sophy

Miss Sophy, one fine sunny day,
Left her work and ran away.
When she reached the garden gate,
She found it locked, but would not wait,
So tried to climb and scramble o'er
A gate as high as any door.

But little girls should never climb,
And Sophy won't another time;
For when upon the highest rail,
Her frock was caught upon a nail;
She lost her hold, and sad to tell,
Was hurt and bruised—for down she fell.

And here's one about a little boy of fifty years ago:—

### The Result of Cruelty

Jack Parker was a cruel boy,
For mischief was his sole employ;
And much it grieved his friends to find
His thoughts so wickedly inclined.

He thought it clever to deceive,
And often ramble without leave;
And every animal he met
He dearly loved to plague and fret.

But all such boys, unless they mend,
May come to an unhappy end,
Like Jack, who got a fractured skull
Whilst bellowing at a furious bull.

Now, if Ambitious Sophy and Jack Parker behaved in that sort of way nowadays—I don't think they would for a moment, but you never know—their mothers and fathers would very soon set to work to turn Sophy's courage (she must have had some courage even to attempt to climb a gate "as high as any door" when she had never learnt to climb at all!) and also Jack's courage (he must have been rather brave, too, or he wouldn't have dared to bellow at a furious bull) to some good use, instead of letting their children tumble about or get killed through mere foolishness. In fact, if Mrs. Turner had lived to-day, I believe this is the kind of poem she would have written:—

### Impetuous Jane

Now, Jane was ten, and sometimes silly,
  Inclined, in fact, to quarrel
When teased by elder brother Willy—
  Whereby there hangs a moral.

"You must improve, dear Jane," said father;
  "Some day, you'll have a vote."
"The chance of that," jeered Will, "seems rather
  Distant and remote."

Annoyed by Willy's tone sarcastic,
  Jane took a stick and bent it;
Then with a stone and strong elastic
  She hurt him—and she meant it!

"To me that scarcely seems quite wise,"
  Observed their watchful mother;
Said Jane, "He'd best apologise,
  Unless he wants another."

"To take a share in legislature,"
  Said mother, "needs control.
Have my two children such a nature?
  I think not, on the whole."

"Dear Jane!" cries Will; "my observation
  You sadly misconstrued!"
Jane welcomes reconciliation,
  (But knows her aim was good).

Thus can a loving, clever mother
Unite a sister and a brother.

-E. S.

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# WOMAN AND THE VOTE IN DENMARK

*(From Our Special Danish Correspondent)*

It is both interesting and instructive to note the attitude assumed by present-day politicians towards the proposed adoption of Woman Suffrage in Denmark and to compare it with that of 1849, when Denmark had her first "Free Constitution." No living soul then dreamed of enfranchising the women—least of all the women themselves. So completely has the tide turned in these two generations that what was then unthought of even as a possibility seems now to us the most natural and just thing in the world.

The measure that has aroused so much interest in the Suffrage world, and of which I will now give a brief account, was brought before our Lower House on October 26 last.

**It is a Government Measure and it gives equal suffrage to men and women over 25 years of age for the Lower House, and proposes that the Upper House shall be elected indirectly and by the Municipal Boards for which women since 1908 have been both electors and eligible for election.**

At present, Danish men become direct electors of the Lower House when thirty years of age (though eligible for membership at twenty-five). In the Upper House the vote is indirect and—since 1866—subject to the elector having an annual income of at least 2,000kr. (in the country) and at least 4,000kr. (in the towns).

The Bill now before Parliament also does away with the institution called "The King-elected Members," a body consisting of twelve members in the Upper House elected for life by the King. The Bill proposes to restrict the power of electing these twelve members to the Upper House.

### The Premier's Opening Speech

It will be seen that the Bill is a very democratic one, and it has been received with general satisfaction by all liberal-minded people. In the House of Commons the Premier, Mr. Klaus Berntsen, introduced that part of it concerning Woman Suffrage in the following words: "All persons interested in municipal matters declare that women's control in municipal matters has had important results. Therefore, when we are preparing a new Constitution, it is only a matter of justice that we should take this opportunity to bestow the same political power on women as on men, and I take it for granted that should this Bill become law Woman Suffrage will then be an established fact in this country."

In the debate the Woman Suffrage question was treated with sympathy by all parties that support the Bill as a whole, and the Conservative Party—the only party opposing the Bill—expressed itself as follows: "While we thus are opposing the proposition to lower the age for voting, we shall undoubtedly agree without difficulty on the question of Woman Suffrage. Although our members have different views of it, for us as a party this question will offer no hindrance to a revised Constitution." Another member of another Conservative faction said: "It is hardly possible to resist this reform any longer, it has so many warm and eager friends in all Parties."

### Reference to Militancy

In his reply, the Premier observed: "Indeed, the women of this country need not arm themselves; not only the Government but all Parties have now declared that they are willing to give them the right that, according to my opinion, is due to them if we form a new Constitution."

The Bill was lately carried in the Lower House by a majority of 94 to 15 (114 is the number of members in the Lower House), and it is now in the hands of the Upper House.

### The Future of the Bill

It is well known that it is very difficult to prophesy in political matters! I shall therefore be cautious and only state some few facts which are of interest in considering the future of this Bill.

Let me assert here that the technical side of it is this—that any amendment to our Constitution must be carried twice by two different Parliaments, which, of course—besides the possibility of Party-shifting—means the expenditure of much time and money.

In the last three or four years there have been several Bills—both private and Government measures—before Parliament, and all of them have included Woman Suffrage. Some of them have been carried in the Lower House and then sent "upstairs," where the opposition came from the Conservative majority and was based upon matters quite outside Woman Suffrage. Not seeing its way to a friendly agreement, the Liberal Government evidently this session decided to fight, and it brought in the Bill now before the House. This Bill requires still further concessions from the Conservatives, and it was presented in such a manner that it makes compromise impossible. It abolishes the privileged vote of the Upper House and proposes universal suffrage instead.

It is now for the Upper House to decide whether it will yield this time or ask the opinion of the country. Whatever they do, the fight will not last long. Two things seem to be pretty certain: That before long Denmark will have no franchise that depends upon money or property, and that women will be included in the body of electors.

### An Optimistic View

The more optimistic people of the country believe that in 1913 we shall have our new Constitution signed by the King on the very same day—June 5—that our first free Constitution was signed in 1849, which date we—in spite of all later revisions which certainly did not make us "freer"—still celebrate as our day of freedom. Well, it is difficult to prophesy! The Bill is in the hands of the Upper House, and it depends upon the Upper House whether we shall be enfranchised in the beginning, in the middle, or at the end of the year 1913—but in 1913 it will be! That—at the moment—is the opinion of even the most pessimistic.

### Little Denmark or Great Britain

Who will come first? Little Denmark or Great Britain? In many ways I feel that English women, who have struggled so gallantly, deserve the joys of victory before Danish women. On the other hand, I should feel proud indeed to see Danish men set the example in that country which we have always regarded as the "The Land of Freedom and Liberty."

As for the Danish women, it is perhaps characteristic of the Danish nation that they have accepted (and will accept) their success with very little excitement, almost in silence, secure in the conviction that—in the words of the Premier—it is, after all, only "their due."

Thora Daugaard.

## ANY WOMAN SUFFRAGIST TO ANY MAN

**By Patrick Rushden, author of "Force Majeure," &c.**

My dear Mentor,—Having been bidden by you to go read Frederick Harrison on "Votes for Women," I have conscientiously done so. Now, in your turn, as I know you approve of cricket, you will listen conscientiously while I say something. Firstly, an't please you, the essay opened my eyes (don't comment on my sound good sense too soon!) to the unphilosophic-ness of philosophers. They can't—or won't—see fairly what they strongly dislike; in fact, they cease to be philosophers proper, and become quite ordinary people who have been hit in the eye by facts they don't approve of.

The collection of essays, in which is the one you set me to read for my soul's health, is called "Realities and Ideals." It is indeed fitting that an essay on "Votes for Women" should be found under this title. If ever Realities were visibly seen evolving themselves into Ideals, that is the case in the Woman's Movement. You, my friend, and the Philosopher, rap out in unison, "It depends on what you mean by Realities and Ideals! If you mean the ideal of unsexed viragos, out to have free fights on the floor of the House——" Certainly, it *does* depend.

I am not quite sure, but I gather that our Philosopher thinks that there is no room for improvement in the position of women; in fact, that the Ideal is a reality already. Listen to his first point: "No thoughtful man or woman," he says, "denies that the cry of 'Votes for Women' cannot be separated from the entire concensus of the domestic, social, and spiritual existence of Woman as a sex distinct from Man. Education, manners, social philosophy, religion, are all essentially involved in the change. It is no affair of constituencies and House of Commons. It affects life on a thousand sides." Supposing this were granted—that the vote would alter women's position in its every aspect, is our Essayist so satisfied with that position that he thinks any alteration having a Suffrage origin or flavour must be for the worse? Says he, "I am not for imposing on women any disability which I am not willing personally to accept." Would he then give up his vote?

### The New becomes the Old

It is eternally true that the older generation boggle at seeing any good in the new And yet in its turn the new becomes the old, without having learnt insight and tolerance! If I give you a little insight, will you give me a little tolerance? That is a bargain, then. And remember that the deeper you see, the less you will have need to pay out tolerance; so that it remains with you to get the best of the bargain.

I will begin by trying to set forth what the Ideal really is, which the Woman's Movement is slowly moulding into Reality. In the noise and din of battle things get confused; in a few years' time, when the hubbub has died and right perspective is gained, we shall see the great main achievements, with Evolution at the back of them. The notion which most Anti-Suffrage men get from lightly brushing the movement is, that the "new" woman is prepared to turn and rend man, and henceforth and for ever be independent of him.

Is it necessary to say that the notion is fallacious? Of course, she doesn't want to do anything of the kind. She doesn't believe in the subjection of woman; but neither does she believe in the independence of man, but in their complete inter-dependence. Such is the Ideal. It is sometimes materialised into the Real, but how rarely! Even when it is attained, it is not supported by law, custom, or general public opinion. What the "new" woman has set herself to do is to establish the ideal as the existing standard; by revolution if it must be so; but establish a new and a better order, at any cost.

Women, every day and hour of this marvellously alive twentieth century, are finding their own feet, and with that, their own standpoint; are learning to be individualists in an intensely individualistic age. Their awakening is a mighty world movement, hurried forward by changing social and economic conditions; and their establishment, on a level with men, instead of a grade lower, is coming to pass independently of the vote; but the vote is a necessary corollary.

### "To weigh with care"

A carpenter's wife in a country village once said to me, "Our husbands would look up to us more if we could vote. They think our not being allowed to is a token we're inferior." Doesn't the same notion, dim and unexpressed perhaps, lurk at the back of many an educated male brain also, if the real truth were known? "Of old," says Frederick Harrison (of old, mark you, before Suffragettes and such-like poisoned the springs), "no opinion was more stimulating and more clarifying than the well-thought view of an able and high-minded woman on a great political crisis. It might not always be practicable, or complete in knowledge, or free from risk. But it was a thing to know, and to weigh with care." Precisely. And as women are better, more civically educated, the mass of opinion to be weighed "with care" will accumulate; a mass which, in the interest of the State, should have direct action.

But listening benignly and with always an ounce or two of secret condescension, to the opinions of certain picked women, and weighing their opinions "with care," is not good enough, O Philosopher! Any more than it would be good enough for you, my dear Mentor, if we had a Matriarchate, and you could only make your mark on affairs (many of which intimately concerned you) by this problematic privilege of being listened to with respect.—Your co-heir of All the Ages,

PRISCILLA.

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# THE FRANCHISE BILL

## The Referendum Rumour Again

On Friday, December 20, the Referendum Rumour was revived by the Parliamentary Correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, in the following significant note on the Franchise Bill:—

The exact date for the Committee stage of the Franchise Bill has not yet been fixed. The debate will probably begin in the third week in January, and the first amendment for Woman Suffrage will be taken early in the debate. This amendment, which will aim at striking out the word "male" from the enfranchising clause, will not enfranchise women. All that it will do, if carried, is to open the door to further amendments, stating the number of women to be enfranchised, and in this case the issue will probably be decided as an amendment on the lines of the Conciliation Bill, limiting the vote to the municipal register. This is the utmost limit which could in present circumstances be carried, and it is extremely doubtful whether any further amendment will be carried; if and when the word "male" has been deleted. It is not at all certain that the House will even consent to this initial step, but on the whole it is not unlikely that the door may be opened so far. But if it is, the discussion on Woman Suffrage can hardly fail to last the best part of a week, which in the limited time at the disposal of the Government may endanger the Franchise Bill altogether. It will be difficult enough to get the Franchise Bill through all its stages in the Commons this Session if the first amendment is defeated, and almost impossible if the debate is lengthened. But whatever happens, the Government, it is said, are determined to pass the Plural Voting Bill this Session, in time for it to come under the Parliament Act before the next General Election. Whether a Franchise Bill containing the vote for women, supposing that it were inserted in the Bill, could be carried under the Parliament Act is another matter. The Government did not ask for any mandate to pass any Bill containing Woman Suffrage in this Parliament. There is a very strong feeling in the House, which is perhaps not altogether absent from the Treasury Bench, that a Bill containing votes for women should not be passed under the Parliament Act, but should be reserved for the assent of the electorate. It is held in many quarters in the House that the Suffrage amendment, if carried, might be reserved for a Referendum.

"G .L. H.", commenting in the *Daily Herald* of December 21 on the above note, says in the course of his remarks:—

The unavoidable conclusion still appears, monotonous as it may seem to the eternally hopeful and unmilitant of Suffrage sisters, that the stage is being deliberately set for the betrayal of the women. This consideration should be firmly grasped at the start—that the Liberal talk about mandates has been steadily converging lately toward a concession to the Tories, which makes scapegoats of the Suffragists. That is, the mandate for a Franchise Bill containing Women's Suffrage, might plausibly be said to be one of the matters which was not in the minds of the log-rolling factions which "took care of" the electorate at the last two General Elections. . . . The latest declaration . . . sets the drift anew toward the Referendum. Women's suffrage is not to be passed under the Parliament Act, with the authority of a popular Cabinet behind it; it is to be "reserved for a Referendum." — **G. L. H. in the "Daily Herald."**

The following leader appeared in the *Daily Herald* on Monday, December 23.

The Government is once more attempting to bring off a most disgraceful piece of treachery toward the women fighting for recognition as citizens. These women have exposed and defeated all the various schemes and plots by which Mr. Asquith and his wirepullers hoped to extricate the Government from the unhappy position in which they find themselves over this question. Having neither the pluck nor the decency to be honest and boldly refuse the women the vote, they have tried every trick to defeat them while at the same time speaking fair both in and out of Parliament. The result is seen in the daily record of subterfuge resorted to by a group of men whose sole object is to maintain their places of profit under the Crown.

Think of their record: less than twelve months ago a solemn pledge that time should be given to pass the Conciliation Bill; the mean trickery of Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, who at once broke that pledge by forcing Manhood Suffrage on the Cabinet, and so securing the defeat of the Bill they had promised facilities for passing; then the rumours mischievously set abroad by junior and other Whips that voting for Women's Suffrage would mean the defeat—or, rather, the break-up—of the Government and loss of Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment. We have had Mr. Asquith's "facing-both-ways" contradiction of those rumours. And now we have this same group of men who have solemnly pledged their word that the House of Commons shall have a free and unfettered vote on the question next month—these honourable men, led, we are told, by that elusive and slippery descendant of the notorious Marlborough, Winston Spencer Churchill, are urging through the *Westminster Gazette* that Women's Suffrage is so highly controversial that it ought to be put to the vote of the country by means of a referendum.

This is the most cowardly and reactionary of all the tricks by which the Cabinet has endeavoured to secure itself, and it will, we are sure, receive very short shrift at the hands of every Democrat. With those to whom the word Democracy means anything at all there is nothing to vote about, for it is nothing to us if a mere counting of noses refuse women the vote. We take our stand on the *right* of every human being, woman or man, to have an equal voice and an equal vote on all questions affecting their lives and the means by which they live.

It is the old fight of Democracy. When our fathers fought for the franchise it was nothing to them that the enfranchised of those days wished to keep the suffrage narrow, and they fought their fight for a broad franchise without regard to the convenience or wishes of those then in power, and we to-day, who are putting up our fight for a franchise based on humanity and not property, will not tolerate for one moment the proposition that the small section of the community now having votes shall decide who is to be allowed to enjoy that privilege for the future. And so we have no doubt at all that this latest move of the artful dodgers will receive the same treatment as the rest of their trickery.

In the meantime it is the bounden duty of all men who really care for the Women's Cause to be up and doing. Let the Trade Unionist and the Socialist men and women at once take action in their branches and by vote and resolution, so that this latest proposal for the betrayal of a great cause may be effectively scotched. Let our Labour group in the House of Commons be wakened into action. Up till now they have professed a childlike faith in the "great" Mr. Asquith and his "great" colleagues. Surely with this latest dodge their eyes will be opened. Whether this is so or not the rank and file have a duty, and that is just this: tell the Labour and Socialist men in Parliament that the time for trusting Asquith about anything has long gone by, and especially on this question. The whole party should *at once* let it be known that if the Government or its supporters dare to suggest that this question shall be further postponed or treated separately and by new constitutional methods, then the Labour votes in the House of Commons will be cast to compel all the questions now before the House, such as Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment, to be treated in the same manner.

It is no use for Mr. Keir Hardie or anyone else to say the Labour Party has no power. It has forty votes; what it needs is will to use them, and it is for the rank and file to supply the sort of spirit which will create amongst these men the will to dare and do. We appeal to all our readers to use every ounce of energy, every organised effort they can to defeat this latest piece of treachery against the Women's Movement.

### DATE OF THE BILL

#### PRESS COMMENTS

It is expected that the Committee stage of the Franchise and Registration Bill will be taken in the Commons in the second or third week in January. The earliest date mentioned is January 13, which would enable twelve or sixteen days to be given to its consideration. It is expected that there will be a full debate on the first amendment, that of Sir Edward Grey, raising the question of woman suffrage. If the Bill be not taken before January 20, as is expected in several quarters will be the case, there will either be a curtailment of debate on the later clauses of the Bill or a prolongation of the session.—**The Standard.**

There is reason to believe that the Government are experiencing considerable difficulty in framing the guillotine resolution which is to govern the Committee and subsequent stages of the Franchise Bill. It is evident that if the business of the House of Commons is to be concluded early in February, as the Prime Minister intimates, no great time can be allocated to the remaining stages of the measure. But any drastic curtailment of debate would run counter to the pledge originally given by the Prime Minister that woman suffrage amendments should be freely discussed and decided in the House independent of the party whips. Suffragist members maintain that this amounts to a pledge that there shall be no restriction of debate when the question of women's enfranchisement comes up for settlement, and such a theory is in complete conflict with the idea of a rigid time-table. I am informed by a good authority that the debate on the first amendment covering woman suffrage may occupy two or three days, and it is obvious, if that is the case, that the Government cannot expect the Franchise Bill to pass swiftly through the House of Commons.—**Standard (Lobby Correspondent).**

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### MR. ASQUITH'S RUMOURED RESIGNATION

#### PROVINCIAL PRESS COMMENTS

The truth is that he is bound to act wrongly in either event. If he does not resign, he is not merely countenancing, but actually making himself responsible for what he has described as "a political mistake of a very disastrous kind." If he does resign, he will betray the Suffragists and wreck his Party. His answer to a direct question on the point yesterday was not over-clear, but seemed to suggest that he preferred to desert his convictions rather than his office over this issue. — **Sheffield Daily Telegraph.**

There is every probability that Mr. Asquith will go on leading his party for many years yet if he lives. It is true that some people think there is a chance of carrying a woman's suffrage amendment to the Franchise Bill, and it is true that certain members of the Government make a great show of supporting the principle. Nevertheless, old Parliamentary hands on both sides will be greatly surprised should such an amendment be carried, not because of the offence given by the militants, though that is a consideration, but because the Government and their friends have made arrangements beforehand for dishing the ladies again.—**The Northern Whig.**

The question [asked in the House of Commons by Mr. Leif Jones] was, of course, an absurd one. The idea that Mr. Asquith would give up office voluntarily under any circumstances is too funny for anything.—**Yorkshire Herald.**

Mr. Asquith does not believe that the House of Commons as at present constituted will agree to give the vote. Mr. Jones and his friends believe that if it is made quite clear that the carrying of an amendment conferring the vote would not break up the Cabinet, the House might be persuaded to regard the amendment favourably. But nobody except Mr. Jones and his friends looks for the acceptance of the amendment, and thus Mr. Asquith is quite safe in the line he has taken.—**Glasgow Herald.**

#### No Harm in Hoping

We hope that after the Prime Minister's answer to Mr. Leif Jones on Monday, no further attempts will be made to suggest that the incorporation of woman suffrage in the Franchise Bill will involve his resignation or the break-up of the Ministry.—**The Nation.**

#### "OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES"

"Parliament assembled in September and dissembled in January."—*From a collection of children's "howlers" published in the "University Correspondent."*

# THE MILITANT AGITATION

#### IN PRISON ON CHRISTMAS DAY

The following militant Suffragists will spend their Christmas in prison, where they are undergoing sentences for offences in connection with the militant agitation:—

Miss Elsie Howey (Holloway, two months).
Miss Margaret Ker (Manchester, three months).
Miss Norah Lackey (Holloway, three months).
Miss Kitty Marion (Holloway, one month).
Miss Jane Short (Holloway, six months).

We understand that Miss Elsie Howey is making the protest of the hunger strike.

The newspapers during the last few days have reported attacks on telephone wires in Birmingham and Nottingham, where it is stated that communication was entirely destroyed. It is believed, says the *Times*, that the work at Birmingham was done about the same hour in each case and by woman suffragists.

#### Miss Norah Lackey Sentenced

On Wednesday, December 18, Miss Nora Lackey was arrested, and on the following morning she was charged at Westminster Police Court with having wilfully broken the glass of a fire alarm post at Knightsbridge Green, and giving a false alarm of fire. John Smith, an officer of the fire brigade, said that in response to the alarm an escape long ladder was sent, besides steamers from different stations with many men. Asked if she had anything to say, Miss Lackey replied: "I don't suppose you will listen to a political speech. You know quite well the reason why we do it." She was fined £25, or in default three months' imprisonment.

The papers on Monday, December 23, reported that in various parts of London on Sunday night the contents of pillar-boxes were damaged—presumably by suffragists. In the majority of cases black fluid was used, though in a number of pillar-boxes in the locality of Cadogan Square and Belgrave Square red fluid, similar in appearance to red ink, was employed. Christmas cards were said to be spoiled, and the addresses of numerous letters and postcards were obliterated. At Lewisham and other places where isolated attacks occurred black fluid was used. Some five or six letters were also badly damaged in a box in Rochester Row.

#### Chamber of Commerce Protests

On Wednesday, December 18, says the *Times*, at a meeting of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, the General Purposes Committee reported that complaint had been made as to the damage which had recently been caused to letters passing through the post, and it was decided to address a letter to the Postmaster-General urging him to take steps to prevent the continuance of the damage.

#### Miss Grace Ferrar

The case of Miss Grace Ferrar, who, as we stated in our last issue, was remanded on bail, came up last Saturday, December 21, before Mr. Baggallay at the Lambeth Police Court. Miss Ferrar was charged with placing in a post-office letter-box in Queen's Road, Peckham, on the night of December 17, a certain noxious fluid, thereby injuring four postal letters, the property of the Postmaster-General.

Evidence having been given against her, Miss Ferrar endeavoured to explain the political motive for her deed, but was stopped by the magistrate.

Defendant: I should like to ask why I was remanded last Wednesday. Surely the correct sentence for my misdemeanour was known to you. Or is it an arrangement between the Home Office, the Post Office, and yourself? Surely it is in that little book that was referred to the other day. Can I have that question publicly answered?

Mr. Baggallay: You were remanded to make inquiry. I can answer that. These offences have become so frequent that it is necessary to impose the full penalty in case. You will have to pay a fine of £10 or go to prison for six weeks.

We understand that the fine was paid.

#### MRS. LEIGH AND MISS EVANS

On Thursday, December 19, Miss Gladys Evans was again arrested by Dublin detectives, this time on board the L.N.W.R. Company's steamer bound for Holyhead. On Friday, both she and Mrs. Leigh were brought up before Mr. Macinerney at the Northern Police Court, Dublin, charged with having failed to comply with the terms of the licence on which they had been released from Mountjoy Prison. Miss Evans was charged with having attempted to leave Dublin without notifying the police, and Mrs. Leigh was charged with having neglected to report herself to the police under the provisions of the Penal Servitude Act.

Evidence of arrest having been given, Mr. Gerald Byrne, for the defendants, maintained that the terms of the licence did not include an obligation to report to the police, and he asked that a case should be stated for the King's Bench Division.

The magistrate, saying that the sentence he would be disposed to inflict on Miss Evans would be fourteen days', agreed to the course proposed by Mr. Byrne, and allowed bail to the defendants in £20 each on their own recognisances, pending the decision of the case stated to the High Court. He added "I really don't think it is such an offence at all. I wish they would go and remain away."

THE QUALITY WAY.

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## AN IMPORTANT MEMORIAL

We have been asked to insert the following copy of a Memorial which has been sent by the Actresses' Franchise League to the Speaker of the House of Commons and the members of His Majesty's Government:—

We, the undersigned, beg to address you as follows:—

While adding to the gaiety of the nation the actresses have themselves been suffering from great wrongs arising out of sex-disability.

The broad, expansive view of life which the actresses' calling engenders has revealed to them a state of society in Great Britain which they, as patriotic women, can no longer support. Debarred by sex-disability from the exercise of the franchise to right these wrongs, repudiated by the Government of the day, unprotected by any Party machinery, the actresses, representing a very large and important faction of working women, now appeal to the highest tribunal in the land, the House of Commons, and ask to be allowed to stand before the Bar of the House to lay before the Commons at first hand their reasons for claiming equality with man in the State. They call upon the House, now omnipotent through the passing of the Parliament Act, to exercise its will in defence of half humanity still disenfranchised and to pass a resolution whereby the actresses may come to the House of the People with a direct and patriotic message from the Women of the People.

(Signed) **Gertrude Forbes Robertson**
(President),
**Adeline Bourne** (Hon. Sec.).
December 19.

### Press Encouragement

There is a good deal to be said for hearing not only these ladies, but suitable delegations from other classes of Suffragists at the Bar of the House of Commons. Many women desire the vote, and whether or not it may be expedient to give it them, nobody can deny that they are quite entitled to claim it. . . . It may be remembered that the whole militant Suffragist movement arose because Mr. Asquith declined to receive a deputation from their society. The deplorable rows with the police began with attempts on the part of female Suffragists to force their way to the Premier's presence. It was an initial error to refuse them the privilege. Other classes of persons, anxious to obtain redress for grievances, are allowed to send deputations to Ministers. Yet these are persons who are already represented, and have their paid delegates in the House able to state their case with authority. A voteless class has no such advantages, and has the better title to require that facilities shall be granted it to explain its wishes. . . . If the appeal of force must be repressed, the appeal to reason may well be received.—**Evening Standard.**

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### ST. PAUL AND WOMEN.

To the Editors of Votes for Women.

Dear Editors,—I am sorry that Dr. Kirby, in his interesting letter, objects to the opening sentence of my article. His letter itself supplies all that I need for the purpose of that argument. Of course, there were admirable principles in Roman law, but, as he says, "The marriage tie was very loose . . . a fact which gave rise to great scandal"; there was "a great state of luxury," and "Rome was steeped in profligacy and corruption."

My point was simply that Christianity improved the position of women from this state of things. One needs to emphasise the slave question. People generally talk about slavery as if it only concerned men. One has to remember what it meant to women. After all, it was not so much for one woman to have a good legal position if four or five other women in the family were the absolute chattels of the man. We are always in danger of judging ancient civilisations by the position of the favoured minority. The immense majority were slaves. Furthermore, it has to be remembered that even a Roman lady of high birth was never her own mistress under Roman law; she had to belong to a man—if her husband died, then to her son.

I agree with what Dr. Kirby says about asceticism, which, like puritanism, was exaggerated by reaction. But I fancy that even asceticism, on the whole, worked out for the improvement of the position of women. Its very insistence on chastity helped that. By the way, Dr. Kirby mentions devotion to the Virgin Mary as the chief factor in the emancipation of woman. But this is earlier than many people imagine. And every discovery seems to bring it earlier. It is written, for instance, all over the mosaics of S. Maria Maggiore, at Rome; and, incredible though it would once have seemed, the latest investigators of this Church place it before the age of Diocletian. The whole subject is too large to be discussed in a letter—especially in so hurried a one as this is.—Yours, &c.,

Percy Dearmer.
St. Mary's Vicarage, Primrose Hill,
N.W., December 18, 1912.

### WE WONDER WHY?

The absence of Cabinet Ministers from recent social functions has been remarkable.—**Truth.**

### MR. J. A. PEASE

As a consequence of the unfavourable reply given recently to a Woman Suffrage deputation by the Right Hon. J. A. Pease, the Rotherham branch of the General Railway Workers' Union has passed a resolution regretting his attitude towards the enfranchisement of women, and urging the Government to pass no Reform Bill which does not include women.

In a letter declining to receive a deputation from the Friends' League for Women's Suffrage, Mr. Pease says he "believes that he has had put before him every argument in favour of the extension of the franchise to women, and that it was only after long and anxious consideration that he formed the views on the subject to which he has already given expression." In making their request to Mr. Pease the hon. secretaries of the League pointed out that "Women Friends have not shrunk from the responsibilities laid upon them. In the days of persecution they shared imprisonment, floggings, and even martyrdom, along with the men. Throughout more than 250 years there is universal testimony that this co-operation of men and women has brought a threefold blessing, in the development of their own characters, in the fruitfulness of the work accomplished, and in the united happiness of their homes. We believe that this unique experience of the society of which you and we are fellow members affords valuable evidence that the granting of full responsibility in the field of citizenship will be followed by the same good results which have attended it in our branch of the Christian Church."

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### "AND WOMEN"

A well-known publisher, in his *Times* list of "Christmas Books for Everyone," gives himself away most delightfully—and, of course, quite unintentionally—on the question of the day. Evidently his thoughts in drawing-up his list of books ran somewhat like this:—"Fathers of families are, of course, the thinkers—that goes without saying. Now what are mothers? Better not, in these days of the Suffragettes, keep them entirely inside the four walls of the home; how about letting them out just as far as, say, the garden?" Then, working on this distinction, he proceeded to set out in attractive form his choice of books for the Father of the Family, e.g., philosophical works by Mr. Balfour, Essays on Cardinal Manning, on the Decay of Idealism, and so forth. Then for the Mother he chose a book about Gardens, with numerous coloured pictures! By the time he thought of the grown up sons and daughters he seems to have frankly abandoned the attempt to differentiate. "Golf," he evidently said, to himself, "will suit the younger generation, to whichever sex they belong. Let us give them a book about Golf." Now, there was also in his list a book about Science. "Obviously," we almost hear him saying, "the right heading for that is 'Men of Science.'" So he wrote it down; and then there shot into his brain the names of Madame Curie and other scientific women, and he took up his pen again, and hastily inserted in brackets the words, "and women," so that his attractive headline ran: "For Men (and Women) of Science." We imagine that he mopped his brow at the narrowness of this escape, and thought, "Even the Suffragists can't grumble now!" We suggest, however, that he would have saved himself that moment of mental tribulation (and he would certainly have deprived us of the irresistible temptation to "deal with him" thus) if, to begin with, he had divided the human race into readers with philosophical, literary, historical, out-of-door, or scientific tastes, rather than into men (in one compartment) and women (in quite a different one).

### THE EXUBERANCE OF YOUTH

For being concerned in smashing the windows and entirely wrecking the Suffragist shop in Glasgow on the occasion of Mr. Birrell's visit to the University there, a student, Mr. John Crichton Kirkpatrick, was sentenced last Wednesday at the Glasgow Police Court to a fine of £5, or thirty days'. Seeing that many a Suffragist has been given a much longer sentence, with hard labour and without the option of a fine, for doing a tenth part of the damage done in this case, Mr. Kirkpatrick may be congratulated on having got off very easily.

Mrs. Boyd, who identified defendant as one of the youths who took part in the raid, was asked if there was anything unusual about Kirkpatrick's appearance to cause her to think he was a student.

Mrs. Boyd: He had a cut head. (Laughter.)

During his speech for the defence by Mr. Macquisten it was suggested by opposing counsel that perhaps the ladies were ignorant of police procedure.

Mr. Macquisten: No persons know all about police procedure better than the ladies who want the vote. (Laughter.)

Counsel went on to say he was glad to see from the attitude of the ladies in the witness-box that they bore no malice towards the students for their conduct. Probably they felt that imitation was the sincerest form of flattery, but he denied that defendant was among the raiders.

The magistrate said that while willing to make any allowance for what had been described as the exuberance of youth, in the interests of the citizens it must not be allowed to degenerate into lawlessness and disorder. Under the circumstances he would restrict the fine to one of £5 or thirty days.

Query, when is the "exuberance of youth" called hooliganism? When you are a Suffragist and not a University student.

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### AMERICAN WOMEN'S MARCH

The New York women marchers pursue their gallant way along the 150 miles they have set themselves to cover in their march from New York City to Albany, the legislative capital of New York State. They are receiving every encouragement as they go, and hold enthusiastic meetings at every place where they halt for the night.

The marchers, says the New York correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, are frequently offered a lift by friendly motor-car owners, but they scornfully refuse. The average rate of progress since Monday has been about that of siege artillery, rather than a light infantry column. Each pilgrim carries an alpenstock and canvas knapsack. They receive plenty of encouragement along the country roads. Often an entire village turns out to escort the marchers. At Buchan, the public school was released in honour of the occasion, and the children, wild with joy, ran after the Suffragists, begging for leaflets and to be allowed to carry the staffs for part of the way. Further on a village postman escorted General Jones for several miles. "I've twin girls," he said, "and for their sake I favour votes for women." Women along the line of march are very numerous, and their cheers are more hearty than those of the men.

◆

Do not buy a new waterproof until you have seen what Burberry's are offering. Owing to their recent removal into larger premises they announce some very unusual bargains. Write to the Haymarket, London, W., for particulars.

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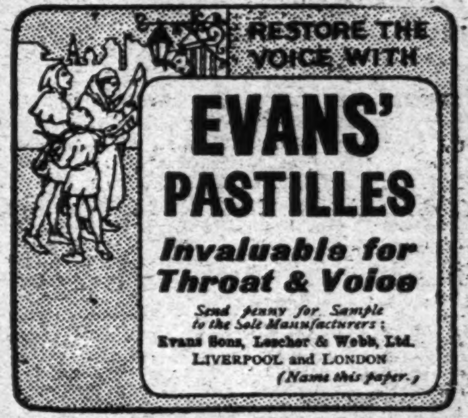

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